



mickelodeon@gairrhudd.com

MICKELODEON

We're not great apes, we're just monkeys with iPods

Smug chuggers

This Monday saw the start of a new lottery – doubtlessly a sign of an oncoming Sodom and Gomorrah-style ending to Britain in a gambling frenzy. But don't worry, it's all okay. The Monday Lottery gives more money to charity than the National Lottery does.

Charity is an impressive figleaf that can be used to cover up a multitude of flaws. As long as you're doing it for charity, you can pretty much do whatever you feel like with your money.

The Monday Lottery, for example, has cherry-picked out the most consumer friendly charities. Amidst all the cancer funds and kids' charities, you're unlikely to find an asylum-seeker. But still, all the other charities were willing to sign up to what amounts to a free-for-all without worrying too much about that.

It's just the latest move by charities becoming more corporate in their attitudes. In part, it's inescapable: some of the biggest charities need to be so large to fund research. But that doesn't excuse the corporate excess that now characterises much of the charity sector.

It's impossible to have respect for the corporate behemoths that many charities have become

The amounts that charities spend on promoting themselves, not to mention keeping their own headquarters in business, is astounding. In a wave of financial releases for charities in 2002, it was revealed that Amnesty spent over half of its money on publicity and administration, whilst the NSPCC's 'Full Stop' advertising campaign cost £20m.

A private company can spend its money on whatever it wants to. But charities have a responsibility to the people whose money they have taken. They have two choices: either spend the money responsibly, or give a realistic portrayal of how the money would be spent.

But it seems doubtful that the next round of Cancer Research adverts will replace the sad, doe-eyed children with deskbound bureaucrats.

It's impossible to have respect for the corporate behemoths that many charities have become. Some of the creepier fundraising ads on telly are so cynically put together than you can feel the icy fingers of consumerism make their way out of the screen - just think of the overpolished works of the



INTEREST: Charities' driving force

RSPCA and Cancer Research. Brrrrrr. That little cancer girl has to be one of the most terrifying effigies of capitalism around today - and that's not what charities should be there for.

I used to do a lot of collecting myself. Nothing beat that smug feeling that I was raising money. I was one proud boy with a bucket. But few people ever stuck with it. You knew that the money you raised would, in all likelihood, be used on the charity's machinery rather than its supposed aim as an organisation.

Nothing beats that smug feeling that I was raising money. I was one proud boy with a bucket

It got to the point that people would only collect if there was some substantial personal gain, be it food (always the way to my heart) or even holidays.

The charitable spirit that many people started with was beaten out of them by the way that money would be raised.

There are plenty of local charities that don't have the fundraising muscle of the big names, and they're much more likely to be able to put your money to good use. If charities expect to keep having people's support then they can't condescend them at the same time.

Early Learning Centre

Things have finally come to a close in the Union's elections. There has not been a longer event in the history of the world with the following exceptions: the Siege of Sarajevo, the Hundred Years War, and Steph's pregnancy in Neighbours.

So, for the last time, let's talk elections. I promise, as my solemn vow, to never mention them again after this.

Now the whole thing is behind us, we have a President who has vowed to kick UWIC students out of Come Play on a Saturday.

As a policy, it's fair enough. It is our university, so it's fair to give Cardiff students priority. Saturday nights are always going to sell out here, so it also makes business sense. And considering GI Joe found his way into office, it was evidently a pretty expedient move politically.

But as many people will remember out on the campaign trail, our new President anchored his speeches

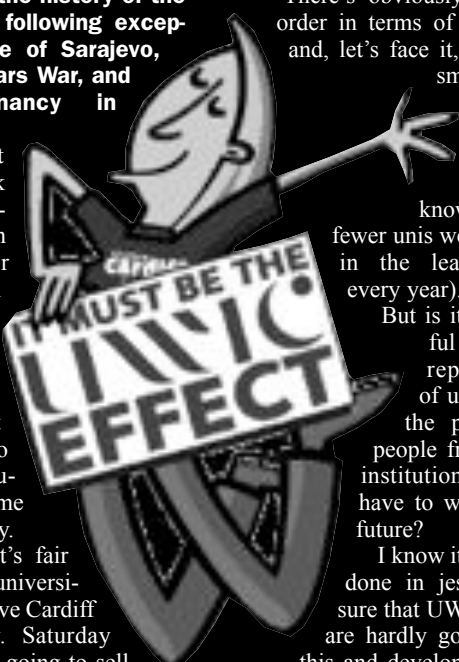
on the cheap joke that if he wanted to go to UWIC, he wouldn't have worked as hard in his A-levels.

There's obviously a pecking order in terms of universities and, let's face it, we get the small pleasure of being above UWIC (heck knows there are fewer unis we get to beat in the league tables every year).

But is it really useful for the new representative of us all to take the piss out of people from another institution we may have to work with in future?

I know it was all just done in jest, and I'm sure that UWIC students are hardly going to hear this and develop a complex about their university.

But whilst it may be okay to start banning UWIC students from Come Play, there was never any need to stick the boot in and slag them off in the process.



REVISION

REVISION. ODDS are that you are reading this column because you're desperately trying to avoid doing any. Heck, that's why I'm writing it.

But is revision all bad? Let's weigh up the evidence:

BAD

- Learning is dull.
- You suddenly realise that the whole year's lecture notes haven't been put onto Blackboard. A little wee comes out.
- It's really sunny outside. You are not outside.
- Having been stuck in your room revising all day, when you finally get to see your friends you have nothing to say to them.
- On the same note, being cooped up all day makes the outside world very scary. All of a sudden, you suspect everyone of surreptitiously carrying knives.
- Unlike lecture theatres, writing on the furniture in your house makes you lose your bond.



AAAAAARGH: Aaaaaargh

GOOD

- You can examine all the snack opportunities of your corner shop.
- TEA!
- You will not miss anything in *Friends*, *Neighbours* or *Scrubs*, as you will watch them all four times a day. Sometimes in succession.
- Your senses will be so dulled that any moving colours or sounds will suddenly become amazing. Really. Even ITV1.
- Parcels are one of God's finest inventions. If any are delivered, you will be in the house to accept them.
- Your room will never be tidier than when you have to revise.
- You can text in The Hits' new show; send your name and they'll display facts about that person on telly. Mixed success so far: I've gotten 'Fred West lived at 25 Cromwell Street. With his wife Rosemary he kidnapped young women, of whom they murdered 12 and hid their bodies at the house' on screen, but 'Timothy McVeigh' just resulted in some facts about a man who runs a pub in Yorkshire. Think of your own mass murderers, and join the fun.
- You might pass your exams.